

621. c. 63
A mery geste of

Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth
a newe playe for to be played
in Maye games very ple-
saunte and full of pastyme.

¶ (.) ¶



There begynneth a lyt tell geſſe
of Robyn hode and his mery
men, and of the proude
Shryffe of Glo.
tynham.



Lythe and lyfent gentyl men
That be of freborne blode
I ſhal you tel of a good yeman
Hys name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
whyle he walked on grounde
So curteyle an outlawe as he was one
was neuer none yfounde
Robyn ſode In Bernisdale
And lened h pon a tree
And by him lytle John
A good yeman was hee
and alſo dyd good Scathelocke
and muche the mylners ſonne
There was no enche of hys body
But it was worthe a grome
Than beſpake hym lytel John
all vnto Robyn hode
Mayſter if ye would dene betyme
it would do you muche good
Than beſpake good Robyn
Godrue I haue no luſt
Tyll I haue ſome holde baron
Or ſome vnketh geſſe
That may paye for the beſt
Or ſome knyght, or ſome ſquier
That dwelleth here by weſt

a good

A good maner then had Robyn
 Inlande where that he were
 Euery daye or he wold dyne
 Thre masses wold he here
 The one, in the worlde of the father
 The other of the holy ghoſte
 The thyrde was of our dere ladye
 That he leued of all other moſte
 Robyn loued our dere lady
 For doubte of dedly synne
 Woulde he neuer do company harme
 That any woman was in
 Maister then ſayde I tell John
 And we oure borde ſhall ſprede
 tell vs which we ſhall gone
 And what lyfe we ſhall lide
 where we ſhall take where we ſhall leue
 where we ſhall abyde behynde
 where we ſhall robbe, where we ſhall reue
 where we ſhall beate and bynde
 Therof no ſor ce ſayde Robyn
 we ſhall do well ynough
 But loke ye do no huſbande man harme
 that tylleth with the plough
 No more ye ſhall na good yeman
 that walketh by grene wood ſhawe
 Ne no knyght ne no ſquier
 That woulde be a good felowe
 theſe byſhoppes and theſe archebyſhoppes
 ye ſhal them beate and bynde
 the hve ſhryffe of Notyngham
 hym holde in your mynde

Thys worde shal beholde sayd lytle yong
And this lesson shal we lere
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we were at our dyner
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn
Let muche wende wyth the
And so hall wylliam Scathelocke
and no man abyde wyth me
Nowe walke ye vp vnto the Sayle
and so to watyng strete
and wayte after some knyght gest
By chaunce some may re mete
Be he Earle or any Baron
abbot or any knyght
Byng hym then to lodge to me
Hys dyner shal be dyght
They went anon vnto the Sallies
these yemen all thre
They loked East they loked west
they myght no man see
but as they loked in betwixt dale
By ademe strate
then came there a knyght rydyng
Full soone they gan hym mete
all droulli than was his semblaunt
and lytle was hys pryde
Hys one foote in the styrope stode
That other waued besyde
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two
He rode in symple aray
a sorper man than he was one
Rode neuer on sommers day

Lyttell

Letell John was curteys
 and set hym on his knee
 welcome be ye gentyl knyght
 welcome are you to me
 welcome be thou to grene wood
 Hende knyght and free
 My maister hath abyden fastyng
 for all these houres three
 who is your master sayd the knyght
 John sayde, Robyn hode
 He is a good yeoman sayd the knyght
 Of hym haue I harden muche good
 I graunt the he sayd with you to wynde
 My brethren all three
 My purpose was to haue dyed to day
 at Blythe or Dancastre
 Forth then went that gentyl knyght
 with a carefull chere
 the teares out of his eyes rane
 And fell downe be his leede
 They brought hym vnto the lodge doore
 whan Robyn gan hym see
 full courtesly ded of his hode
 and set hym downe on his knee
 welcome for knyght than sayd Robyn
 welcome thou art to me
 I haue abyden fastyng
 all these houres three
 Than answered the gentyl knyght
 with wordes fayre and free
 God the save good Robyn
 and al thy fayre menye

they washed to gether and wypped bothe
And set to them dynere
B:ead and wyne they had ynough
and nombles of the dere
Swannes and fesauntres they had full good
and foules of the ryuer
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde
that euer was spied on breere
Do gladly syz knyngt sayd Robyn
Gramercy syz sayd he
suche a dynier had I not
Of all these weekes thre
yf I coule agayne Robyn
Here be this countre
as good a dynier I shall the make
as thou hast made to me
I thanke the knyght then said Robyn
My dynier when I haue
By god I was neuer so greedy
My dynier for to craue
But pay or ye wende sayde Robyn
We thynketh it is good ryghte
it was neuer the maner by worthy god
a yeman to paye for a knyght
I haue nought in my cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profer for shame
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hood
He let not for no blame
Tel me trueth sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of thee
I haue more but .x. s. sayde the knyght
So god haue parte of mee

if thou

It thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And yf thou haue nede of any more
Afore I shall lende the
So nowe forth lytle John
The truthe tell thou me
if there be no more but ten shyllinges
Not any penny that I le
Lytell John spred downe his mantell
Full sayre vpon the grounde
and there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But eten halfe a pounce
Lytell John let it lye full sell
and went to his master full lowe
what t ydynges John sayd Robyn
Syr the knyght is true
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne
Much wonder thynketh me
Thy clothyng is so thynne
Tell me one worde sayde Robyn
and counsaill shall it be
I trowe thou were made knyght of force
Or els of yemanre
Or yls els thou haue by a sovy husbunde
and lyued in stroke and stryfe
an oker er or els a techour sayde Robyn
with wros hast thou ledde thy lyfe
I am none of them sayd the knyght
By god that made me
an hundreth wynter here before
Wyne aunsetters knyghtes haue be

But

But oft it hath befall Robyn
A man hat be disgrate
But god that lyteth in heauen aboue
May amende his state
Within twoo or thre yerers. Robyn he sayde
Foure hundreth pound of good money
Full well then myght I spende
Now haue I no good sayd I knight
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath shopen such an ende
Tyll god it amende
In what maner saede Robyn
Hast thou lost thy ryches
For my great folly he sayde
and for my kyndenes
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn
that shoulde haue bene my heyre
whcn he was twentye wnters old
In fyelde woulde iust full sayre
He slewe a knyght of Lancasthyre
and asquyer bolde
For to saue him in his ryght
My goodes both set and solde
My landes beset to wedd Robyn
Untyll a saturdayn day
to a ryche abbot here helyde
Of saynt Mary abbay
What is the some sayd Robyn
Truth then tell thou me
Syr he sayd foure hundreth pound
the abbot tolde it to mee
Now

Now and thou lovest him as thyself
What shall fall of thee:
Hastly I will me thus say to the knight
Ouer the salte sea
And se where Christ was quicke and drabe
On the mount of Caluery
Farewell friend and haue good day
It ma no better be
Teares fell oute of his eyes two
He would haue gone his way
Farewell frendes haue good day
I haue no more to say
Where by thy seruice sayd Robyn
Syr neuer one will knowe mee
Whyles I was with you at whom
Great hoste that would they blow
and now they runne a myce mee
as beastes on a stowe
They take no more heed of me
Than they neuer me sawe
For ruth the thankest yettel John
Scathelocke and the other also
Fyll of the bell by the waye of Robyn
For here is a temple chere
Hast thou any frendes sayd Robyn
Thy borowes that will be
I haue none sayd the knyght
But god that dyed on a tree
Do away the synes sayd Robyn
Therof will I fyght none
me self thou I haue god to borrowe
Peter Paule or John

flay by day that make me for no more
And hope both sunne and moone shall endure
I find a better borrowe sayd Robyn
Or money getteth thou none
I have none other sayd the knyght
The sothe for to saye
But it be our deare Lady
She saileth me neuer or this day
By deere worthy god sayd Robyn
To seche all England thorow
yet found I never to my pay
a muche better borrowe
Come now sayd the knyght John
and go to my treasure
and bring me my houndreth pounde
and loke it well to be
forth than I went sayd John
and Scathelocke went before
He tolde out four hundred pounde
By eyghten score
Is this well sold sayd the knyght
John sayd what greueth thee
it is almes to helpe a gentle knyght
that is fall in pouertie
Myster than sayd the knyght John
His clothyng is full thynne
ye must gette the knyght a newe
To wrappe his body therein
for ye haue scarle and grene
and muche ryche arraye
Here is no marchaunt in myr Englands
So ryche I dare well say

take

Take him thre perces of eny colour
 And loke that well mete it be
 Lytell John take none other mesure
 But his bowe tre
 And of every handfull that he met
 He lept ouer footes thre
 What the deuiser saide lytell knyght
 Thinkesse thou to be
 Scathe locked boe full til and lought
 And sayd by god almyght
 John may geue him the better mesure
 By god it cost him bright
 Myster saide lytell John
 All vnto Robynhode
 ye must geue that knyght an horse
 To lede home at this gosse
 take him a gray couerler saide Robyn
 And a saddle newe
 He is our ladies messenger
 God lende that it be true
 and a good palfray saide lytell knyght
 to mayntayn him in bright
 and a payre of bootys and scathe locke
 For he is a gentyl knyght
 what shal thou geue him
 For a payre of gonne
 To pray for all this company
 God weng him of tenes
 when shal an day be sayd the knyght
 Syr and your wyll be as our alderman
 This day twelue monthes
 Under the grene wodetree

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd Robyn
A knyght alone to ryde
without squire yoman or page
To walke by hys syde
I shall the rude bylle John my man
for he shall be thy knave
In a pynne hee be my floure
If thou great nede haue.

The seconde ytte.

Now is the knyght gone on his way
This game he thought full good
when he loked on Bernisdale
He blessed Robin hood
And when he thought on Bernisdale
On Scathelocke Muche and John
He blessed them for the best company
That euer he sawe
Then spake the gentyll knyght
To lytel John gan he saye
to morowe I must to yorke to be
to saynt Mary abbe
And to the abbot of that place
foure hundred pounde I must paye
And but I be there upon thys nyght
my lande is lost for aye
the abbot sayde to his rouen
There he stode on a grounde
this day .xii. monethes came there a knyght
And borrowed foure hundred pounde
Upon all his lande and fees
But he come thys yll day
Disherited shall he be,

It is

It is full early sayd the pryour
the day is not yet farre gone
I had leuer to pay an hundredth pounde
And lay it downe anone
the knyght is fare beyonde the sea
In Englande is his right
And suffereth hunger and colde
and many a soze nyght
It were great pitie sayd the pryour
So to haue hys lande
and ye besolvyght of your conscience
ye do to hym muche wronge
thou art euer in my berde sayd the abbot
By god and saynt richarde
with that came in a fatte headed monk
The hygh seletre
He is dead or hanged sayd the monk
By god that bought me dere
and we shal haue to spend in this place
foure hundredth pounde by yere
the abbot and the hygh seletre
Sterte furth ful holde
the highe Iustise of Englande
the abbot there did holde
the high Iustice and many mo
Had taken into their hande
Holy al the knyghtes det
to put that knyght to wronge
they demed the knyght wonder so
the abbot and hys meyne
But he come this ylike day
By herited shal be be

He wyl come yet sayde the iustice
I dare well undertake
But in sorowe tyme to them all
The knyght came to the gate
Than bespake that gentyll knyght
Untyll hys menye
Nowe put on your simple wedes
That ye brought fro the see
they came to the gates anon
the porter was redy him selfe
And welcomed them elyght chone
welcome syr knyght sayd the porter
My lorde to meate is he
And so is many a gentyllman
For the love of the
the porter swore a full great othe
By god that made mee
Here be the best corse horse
that ever yet sawe I me
Lede them into the stable he saide
that ealed myght they be
the hal not ebe theri said y knyght
By god that dyed on a tree
Lordes were to meate yf
In that abbottes hall
the knyght went forth and kneled downe
And saluted them great and small
By gladly syr abbot sayde the knyght
I am come to holde my daye
the first worde that the abbot spake
Hast thou brought me my paye
Not one penny sayd the knyght
By god

By god that hath made me
thou art a shrewd detour said p. abbot
Syr iustice drinke to me
what dost thou here said the abbot
But thou haddest brought thy pay
For god than sayde the knight
to desyre you of a lenger day
thy day is broke said the iustice
Land getest thou none
Howe good syr iustice be my friend
and defend me from my foe
I am hold to p. abbot said p. iustice
Bothe with cloth and fee
How good syr thirly be my friend
May for god sayde he
How good syr abbot be my friend
For thy curtesy
and holde my landes in thy handes
Till I have made the grete maner
and I will be thy true seruant
and truly serue thee
till re haue four hundred pound
Of money good and true
the abbot swaie a full grete othe
By god that dyed on a tree
Get the lande where thou may
For thou gettest none of mee
By dere worthy god sayd p. knight
that all this world brought
But I haue my lande agayne
full dere it shal be bought
God that was of a mayden borne

Sende

Wende vs well to spede
For it is godd a shame a scende
O that a man haue nede
the abbot lothly on then gan lorde
Out he sayde thou false knyght
Spede the oute of my hall
thou yest tha sayd gentyll knyght
Abbot in thy hall
False knyght was I netter
By god that made vs all
Un than stode that gentyll knyght
to the abbot I sayde he
to suffer a knyght to tarrye so long
thou canst not tarrye
In iustes and in tourneyment
Full farre then have I be
And put my selfe as farre in prete
as any that ever was
what wyl ye gyue more to I sayde
and the knyght shall meke a belese
and elles dare I safelie sweare
ye holde neuer more land in pende
an hundreth ponde I sayde
the Iustice sayde by the myght
Nay by god sayde the knyght
ye get ye it not so
though ye would gette a thousand more
yet were thou neuer the more
Shall there neuer be more hope
abbot Iustice nere
He sterte him to a houre and he
till a table rounde

and there he shoke out a bagge
Euen foure hundreth pounde
Haue here thi golde sayd the knyght
which that thou lentest me
Haddest thou bene curteis at my remmyng
I would haue rewarded thee
The abbot sate still and ate no more
For all hye royall chere
He cast his head on his shulder
and fast gan to stare
take me my gold agai sayd the abbot
Syr Justice that I toke thee
Not a penny sayd the Justice
By god that dyed on a tre
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I hold my day
Now I shall haue my land agayne
For ought that you can say
The knyght flet out of the doore
away was al his care
and on he put his good clothinge
the other he left there
He went him forth the ful meri singing
as men haue to'be in tale
His Lady met him at the gate
at home in Wercysdale
welcome my lord sayd his Lady
Syr lost is al your good
Be mery dame sayd the knyght
and pray for Robyn hoode
That euer his soule be in blyste
He holde me out of tene

He had not be his kyndnesse
Beggars had we ben
The abbot and I accorded ben
He serued of hys pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the waye
This knyght than dwelled fayre at
the sothe for to saye home
Till he had got four hund: ethpound
All redy for to paye
he purchaied him an hundreth bowes
the stringes were well dyght
an hundreth shefe of arrowes good
the hedes buryshed full bryght
and euery arrowe an ell longe
with peacocke well dyghte
and nocked were with white silk
It was a semely syght
he purcheied hym an hundreth men
well harneysed in that stede
and himselfe in that same sute
and clothed in whyte and rede
He bare alaunce gay in his hande
and a man ledde his malle
and rode with a light song
Unto Bernesdale
as he wot by a bridg was a wassling
and there tarried was he
and there was all the best yeman
Of all the west countrey
a ful fayre game ther was vpset
a white bull vp pyght

A great courteser with saddle and byrde
with golde burnished full bryght
A payre of gloues, a read golde rynge
a pyper of wyne in good fay
what man bereth him best ywys
The preece shal beare away
There was a yeman in that place
and best worthy was he
and for he was fayre and frend besad
yslayne he should haue be
The knyght had ruth of this yeman
In place where that he stode
He said y yeman shold haue no harme
For the loue of Robyn hode
The knyght presed into the place
an hundreth folowed him in sere
with bowes bent and arrowes sharpe
For to shend that compayne
They sholdreth and made hym come
To wete what he would say
He toke the yeman by the hande
and gaue hym all the playe
He gaue him siue mark for his win.
There it lare than on the noble
and bad it should beset abroche
and d;ynke that who so would
Thus long taried this gentil knight
Till that playe was done
So longe abode Robyn fallynge
the houres ofter none

¶ The thyrde fyfte.

L.ii.

Lyth and lyften gentyll men
 Al that now be here
 Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man
 Good myghte ye shall here
 It was vpon a mery day
 That yonge men would gooute
 Lyttell John set his bowe anone
 And sayde he would them mete
 Thre tymes lytel John shot about
 And alway cleit the wande
 The proude shryffe of notingham
 By the markes gan stande
 The shirife swore a full great othe
 By him that dyed on tree
 This man is the best archere
 That euer I dyd see
 Say me thou wight yonge man
 What is now thy name
 In what countrei thou wast borne
 And where is thy winning wane
 In holdernesse I was borne
 I wys al of my dame
 Men call me Reynold grenelefe
 Whan I am at home
 Say me Reynold grenelefe
 Wylt thou dwell with me
 And euer yere I wyl the grue
 Twenty marke to thy fee
 I haue a mayster said litel John
 A curteis knight is he
 May ye get leue of hym, the better may it be
 The shryffe gat lytell John

¶ welue

Twelue monethes of the knyght
Therefore he gaue to him anone
a good horse and a wyght
Now is littel John þe shyfles man
He geue vs wel to spede
But alway thought lytell John
To quete him wel his mede
Now so god helpe sayd lytell John
And be my trwe lewte
I shal be the worst seruaunt to him
That euer he had yete
It befell vpon a wednesday
The shyfse on huntynge was gone
And lytell John lay in his bed
And was forget at home
Therefore he was fasting
Tyl it was past thencone
Good syr steward I pray thee
Geue me meate sayd lytell John
It is to long for grene lese
Fasting so long to be
Therefore I pray the steward
My dyner geue thou mee
Shalt þe neuer eat ne drinke sayde þe ste
warde Tyl my lord be come to town
I make mie auow to god said littel
John I had lete to crack thy crown
the butler was ful vncurties
There he stode on flore
He stert to the buttery and Met fast the doore
Lytell John gaue the butler suche a rappe
His backe yede nygh into

Tho he lyueth an hundreth wynter
the worse he shold go
He spurned the doze with his fote
It went vp well and fone
and there he made a large lytteray
Both of all and wyne
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John
I shall geue you to drynke
and though ye lute this hundreth wynter
Onlytell John shall ye thenke
Lyttell John eat and also dronke
the whyle that he would
the slyrife had in his kechyn a coke
a floute man and a bolde
I mak mine a uow to god sayd y coke
thou art a shrewed hyne
In an housholde for to dwell
for to aske thus for to dyne
and there he lent lyttel John
Good strokes three
I make myne a uowe said lyttel John
these strokes do lyke wel me
thou art a bold man and a hardy
and so thinketh me
and oz I passe fro this place
as yde better shalt thou be
Lyttell John drew a good sworde
the coke toke a nother in hande
ther thought nothyng to flee
But stode for to stande
there they fought fore together
two myle way and more

Myght neyther other hat me done
the mountenaunce of an houre
I make myne anowe to god said lytel John
and by my trewe lewte
thou art one of the best sworde men
that euer yet sawe I me
Couldst thou shote as wel in a bowe
to a rene wood thou shouldeste with me
and .ii. tymes in þe yere thy clothing
Chaunged it should be
and euery yere of Robynhode
twenty marke to thy fee
But vp thy sworde sayd the coke
and felowes wyl we be
than he set to lytel John
the nombles of a Do
Good bread and ful good wyde
they ate and dranke therto
and whan they had bronken well
their trowthes together they plyght
that they would be with Robyn
that ylike same day at nyght
they hied them to the treasor house
as fast as they myght gone
the lockes that were of good stele
they brake them euery chone
they toke away syluer nessel
and all that they myght get
Pecies masers and spones
would they non forget
also they toke the good fence
thre hundreth pounde and thre
and

And byed the streyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetree
God the saue my dere mayster
And Chyrl the saue and se
And than sayd Robyn to lytle John
Welcome thou art to me
And so is that good yeman
That thou hast brought wth the
what tydinges from Notyngham
Lyttell John tell thou me
well the greteth the proude thyrse
He hath send the here by me
His cope and his syluer vessel
And thre hundreth pound and thre
I make mine aduow to god sad robin
And to the trynete
It was neuer by his good wyll
this good is come to me
Lyttell John hym bethought
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
than he met the proude thyrse
Huntynge wth bound and horne
Lyttell John coude his curteysye
and kneled hym before
God the saue me dere mayster
and Chyrl the saue and se
Reynold grenelefe sayd the thyrse
where hast thou now be
I hane now be in this forest
a fayre syght can I se
It was one of the fayrest sightes
that

That ever yet sawe I me
ponder I se a ryght fayre harte
Hys coloure is of grene
Seuen score drete upon a yerde
We wyth hym all bydene
Hys ryndes be so sharpe mayster
Of syrtyn and well mo
that I durst not shote for drede
Lest they would wredde
I make myne anowe to god sayd the shryffe
that syghte would I sayne se
Buske the thyderwarde my dere mayster
In none and wende with me
The Shyriffe rode and lytel John
Of fote he was full smart
And whan they came afore Robyn
No here is the maister harte
Styl stode the proude shryffe
a soyr man was he
wo worth the Reynolde grenelese
Thou hast now betrayed me
I make mine anowe to god sayd lytel John
Maister ye be to blame
I was myssewed of my dyner
whan I was with you at home
Soone he was to souperse
and serued with syluer to hyt
and whan the Shyriffe sawe his vessel
For sorowe he might not eat
Make good chere sayd Robyn hode
Shyriffe for charitie
And for the loue of lytel John

thy lyfe is graunted to the
 when they had supped well
 the day was al gone
 Roben commaunded lytel John
 to drawe of his hosen & hys shone
 His kirtel and his rote a ppe
 that was furred w ell and syne
 And take him a grene mantell
 To lappe his body therein
 Robyn commaunded his wight yemen
 Under the grenewood tree
 They shall lye in that sorte
 that the shirife might them see
 Al nyght lay that proude shirife
 In his breche and in his sherte
 No wonder it was in grene wood
 For his sydes do smarte
 Make glad sayd Robyn hoods
 Shyrife for charitie
 For this is our order wys
 Under the grene wood tree
 This is harder order said p shirife
 Than any ancre or scere
 For at the golde in mery Englande
 I would not dwel longe here
 All these twelve monethes sayd Robyn
 Thou shalt dwel wyth me
 I shall the teache proude shyrife
 An outlawe for to be
 Or I here another nyght lye sayd the shyrife
 Robyn nobre I pray the
 Smyle of my head rather to morne

And

And I forgerest thee
Let me go than sayd the thyrple
For saynt charitie
And I wyl be the best frende
that euer yet had ye
Thou shalt sweare me an othe said
On me bright brande, (Robyn
thou shalt neuer wayte me shathe
By water nor by lande
and if thou fynde any of my men
By nyght or by daye
Upon thine othe thou shalt swere
to helpe them that thou may
Now hath the shirif swore his oth
and home began to gone
He was as ful of grene wood
as euer was any man

The fourth fytte

The herise dwelled in no igh
He was fayre & he was gone
and Roben and his mery men
went to wood anone
So we to dynet sayd lytle John
Robyn sayde nay
for I drede our lady be wroth w me
for he sent me not my pay
I haue no doubt maister said litel John
yet is not the sunne at rest
for I dare say and safely swere
The knyght is true and trust
Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn
Let Guche wende with thee

And so shall william Deathe locke
And no man abyde with me
And vp into the sayles
and to watyrng stete
and loke for some stratinge gell
By chaunce you may them mete
Whether he be messengere
Or man that mythes can
Or if he be a poore man
Of my good he shal haue some
Forth than stete lytell John
Halse in feyre and tene
And gyrd him w a full good swerde
Under a mantell of grene
They went than vnto the Sayles
These yemen all three
They loked East they loked west
Thei might no man see
But as he loked in Barnisdale
By the hye waye
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes
Eche on a good pallasay
Than bespake lytel John
To muche he can saie
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde
That these monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad chere sayd lytel John
And bende we our bowes of ewe
And loke your harte bespker and sad
your strynges trusty and trewe
The monke hath but .lii. men
and seuen sommers full stronge

There

There rydeth no byshop in this lande
So royall I vnderstande
Bretherne sayd lytell John
Here are no more but we thre
But we bring them to dyne
Our master dare we not se
Vende your bowes sayd lytell John
Make you yonder pryncesse to stande
The for most monke his life and his deeth
Is closed in my hande
A byde choyle monke sayd lytel John
No ferther that thou gone
If thou doest by dere worthy god
Thy death is in my hande
An euell thyrft on thy head sayd lytell John
Ryght vnder the hattes bonde
For thou hast made our maister wroth
He is fastyng so longe
What byght your maister sayd the monke
Lytell John sayd Robyn hode
He is a strong thefe sayd the monke
Of him herd I neuer good
Thou lrest than sayd lytell John
And that shall sore rewe thee
He is a yeman of the forrest
To dyne he hath bode thee
Muche was ready with a bowe
Redy and a none
He set the monke tofore the brest
To the ground he gan gone
Of twayne and fiftyn wryght yemen
There abode but one

Some

Same a lytle page, and a grome
To lede the somers with litell John
They brought the monke to the looge doze
Wherther he were lothe or lese
For to speke wyth Robyn hode
Dauger in their teth
Robyn dode downe his hode
The monke whan he did se
The monke was not so cutteysle
His hode than let he be
he is a churche maister by dere worthe
Than sayd lytel John (god
thero: no force sayd Robyn
for cutteysle can he non
How many men sayd Robyn
Had this monke John
Fifty and two whan that we met
But many of them began
Let blowe we an hore sayd Robyn
that felowshyppe may vs knowe
Seuen score of myght yemen
Came prykyng on a rowe
and euery be of them a good matel
Of scarlet and of raye
all they came to good Robyn
to wete what he would saye
the made y monke to walsh a wypp
and syt at his drnere
Robyn hode and lytel John
They serued them bothe in fere
Do gladyr manke sayd Robyn
Gramercy sayd he

where

Where is your abbay when ye are at
and who is your attowe (home)
Saynt Mary abbay said the monke
though I be semple here
In what affyre said Robyn
Syz the hye Seler ere
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn
So mote I thryue or the
fyl of the best wyne sayd Robyn
this monke shall drinke to me
But I haue great maruel said robin
Of all this long day
I drede our Ladye be wroth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no doubt maister sayd I tell
you nede not so to saye (Tohu)
this moke hath brought it I dare wel
For he is of her abbay (where)
She was a borewe sayd Robyn
Betwene a knight and me
Of a lytel money that I hym lent
Under the grene wood tree
and if thou hast that syluer broughte
I pray the let me se
and I shall helpe the est agayne
If thou haue nede of me
the monke swore a full great othe
wyth a soyr chere
of the borow hode thou spekest to me
Herde I neuer ere
I make mine anow to god said Robyn
Monke thou art to blame

For god is holde a right wife in m
And so is his dame
thou toldest with thine owne tonge
thou mayest not say nay
How thou art her seruant
and seruest her euery day
And thou art her messenger
My money for to pay
therfore I do the thanke
thou art come at thy day
What is in yon cofers sayd Robin
true than tell thou me
Syr he sayd twenty marke
So more I thyrue of the
If there be no more sayd Robin
I wyl not one penny
If thou hast nede of any more
Syr more hall I lende thee
and if I fyne more sayd Robin
y wys thou halt it forgone
For of thy spendynge I plet monk
therof I wyl haue none
Go nowe forth to tell John
and the tenc he tell thou me
If ther be no more but tweti mark
No penny that I see
Lytell John layd his mantel down
as he had done before
and tolde out of the mynkes male
Eygth hundreth poundes and more
Lytell John let it lye full syl
and went to his market in hall

Syr

By he layde the name is fflernowe
Our lady hath doubled your cost
I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn
Monke that tolde I the
Our lady is the trust woman
That euer yet sounde I me
By dere wordy god sayd Robyn
To seche al england throuwe
yet founde I neuer to my pay
A muche better borrowe
fil of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robin
And greate well thy ladde hende
And if she haue nede of robyn hed
A frende she shall hym fynde
ad she haue nede of any more syluer
Come thou agayne to me
And by this token she hath me sent
She shall haue suche thre
the monk was going to Loddow
there to holde great mete
the knyght that rode so by on horse
to bringe him vnder foot
whether he be a man sayd robyn
By to Manars in this lande
to reken with ouerlure
that haue done muche wrong
Come nowe I the tell John
and herken to my tale
a better perian I knowe none
to seke a monkes male
and what is on the other cownter sayd robyn
the sothe we must le

By our lady sayd the monke
That were no curteise
To bynde a man to dyner
and sythe hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd robyn
To leue but litle behynde
The monke toke the horse with spore
No lenger would abyde
Aske to drynke than sayd robyn
Or that ye farther ryde
Pray for god than sayd the monke
He tueth I came to see
For better chepe I myghte haue dynd
In Blythe or Banke side
Grette well your abbot sayd robyn
and your pryore I you praye
and byd him leue theliche a monke
To dyner euery daye
Now let us that monke bespille
and speke we of that knyght
yet he came to houe his daye
whyle that it was lyght
He did him streight to Bernisdale
Under the grene wood trees
and he founde there Robyn hode
and all his mery meyne
The knight light tro his good pallace
Robyn whan he canse
right curteply he did a downe his hode
and set him on his kne
God the same good robyn hode
and al thys company

Welcome be thou gentyl knyght
 And ryght welcome to me
 Than bespake him good Robin hoods
 To that knyght so fre
 What nede driveth the to greene woode
 I pray the syr knyght tell me
 And welcome be thou gentyl knyght
 Why hast thou be so longe
 For the abbote and the hye Iustyce
 They would haue had my lande
 Hast thou thy land agayne sayd Robin
 Truthe than tell thou me
 ye for god than sayd the knyght
 and thanke I god and the
 But take no greif and the knyght
 That I haue be so longe
 I came by a straunge
 and there I dyd helpe a poore yeman
 with wronge lawe put behynde
 Now by my truthe than sayd Robyn
 For that knyght thanke I the
 what man that helpeth a good yeman
 His frende than wyl I be
 Haue here .cccc. poundes then said the
 The which he lent to me (knyght
 and there is also a marke for your cur
 Nay for god sayd Robyn (telye
 Thou broke it well for aye
 For our lady the be high seignere
 hath sent to me my paye
 and I shoulde take it thyse
 a shame it were to me

But truly gentyl knyght
welcome thou art to me
And whan robyn had tolde his take
He laughed and made good chere
By my truthe than sayd the knyght
your money is ready here
Broke it well sayd robyn
Thou gentyl knyght so free
And welcome be thou gentill knyght
Under this trusty tre (robyn)
But what shall these bowes do sayde
And these arrowes sethered tre
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght
A poore present to thee
Come now forth lytel John
My wyll done that it be (poundes)
Go and fetch e to me four hundred
The monke over tolde it me
Haue here four hundred pounde
Thou gentyl knyght and true
And bye the a horse and harness good
and gilt the spottes all newe
and i thou sayle any spendeng
Come to robyn hode
and by my truth thou shalt none faile
the whyles I haue any good
and broke wel thy.iiii.hundred pound
whiche I dyd lende to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsayl of me
thus then holpe him good robyn
the knyght of all his care

God that lyteth in heauen hye
Graunt vs wel to fare

The fethth sytte.

Now hath the knight his leue take
And wente him on his waye
Ro byn hode and his mery men
Dwelled styll full many a day
Lyth and lysten gentyl men
and her' en what I shall saye
How the proude shryffe of Notinghā
Dyd crye a full fayr playe
That all the best archyrs of y North
Should come vpon a daye
and they that shote al of the best
The best shall bere awaye
He that shoteth al of the best
furthest saye and lowe
at a payre of goodly buttes
Under the grene wood shawe
arvght good arrowe he shall haue
The shaft of syluer whyte
the head and fethers of riche red gold
In Englande is none lyke
this then herde good Robyn
Under his trusty tree
Make you ready you wyght yemen
that shotyng wyl I see
Buske you my mery yemen
ye shall go with me
and I shall knowe the shryffes say the
true and if he be
when they had their bowes ybende

Their arrowes lethere free
Seuen score of wight yemen
Stod by Robyns knee
When they cam to Nottingham
The buttes were fayre and longe
Many was the bolde archers
that shot with bowes stronge
there shall but syr shot with me
the other shall kepe my heade
And stand with good bowes bent
that I be not decepted
the forth outlawe his bow can bend
And that was roben hode
and that behelde the proude shirffe
all by the butte as he stole
thrise Robyn shot a bout
And alway he cleft the wande
and so dyd good Gylbert
with the lylly white hande
Lytel John and good Statheloke
were archers good and free
Lytel Mucle and good Repholde
the worse would they not be
whan that they had those about
these archers fayre and good
Euermore than was the best
Forsooth good Robin hode
to him was deliuered the good arrow
for best worthy was he
He toke the gylt full curteysly
to grene wood than would he
they cryed out on Robyn hode

and great hornes gan the blowe
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyl thou art to knowe
and wo be thou, thou proude Gyrlife
Thus chering thy gess
another promyse thou made to me
within the wyld forest
But and I had y in the grene forest
Under my trusty tree
thou shuldest me leue a better wed
Than thy trewe lewte
full many a bowe there was bent
And arrowes let they glyde
Many a kytel there was rent
And hurte many a syde
The outlawes thofe was so strong
That no man myght them dyspue
and the proude Gyrlife men
they fled a way helyue
robyn sawe the bushment to broke
In grene wod he woulde haue be
Many an arrowe ther was shot
amonge the company
Lytel John he was shot ful sore
wyth an arrowe in the kure
that he might neyther go nor ryde
It was full great pitie
Mayster then sayd lytel John
If euer thou loues me
and for that ykylowes loue
That dyed vpon a tree
and for the medes of my seruyes

That I haue serued the
Let neuer the proude shirife
alyue nowe to synde me
But take out thy browne sword
and smite thou of my head
and giue me welles so to dwel longe
that I after eate no breade
I would not sayd Robyn
John that thou were slayne
For all the golde in my England
though I had it all by me
God forbyd that sayd lytel touch then
that dyed on a tree
that thou shouldest tell John
Depart our company
Up he took him on his backe
and bare hym well a myle
In my atyme he layde hym downe
and thote another a while
Then was there a fayre castell
a lytle within the wood
Double dyched it was aboute
and walled by the rood
and there dweled that gentyl knyght
Syr Rycharde at the Lee
That Robyn had sent his good
Under the grene wood tree
In he took good Robyn
and all his company
welcome be thou Robyn hood
welcome art thou me
I do the thanks for thy comfort

and for thy curtesye
and for thy great kindnes
Under the grene wood tree
I loue no man in al the world
So muche as I do thee
For all þe proud shryffe of Notinghā
Right here shalt thou be
Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge
and let no man come in
and arme you well & make you redy
and to the wall ye wyne
For one thyng Robyn I the hote
I swere by saynt Quintine
thou shalt these .viij. dayes abide wth
to suppe, eate a dinn^r (me
Wordes were laid & clothes were spred
Redye and anon
Robyn hode and his mery men
To meate gan they gone

The sixte fyfte.

Lythe and lysten gentyl men
and herken vnto the songe
Howe the proude shirife began
and men of armes stronge
Full fast came to the hye shirife
the countrey hy to route
and they beset the knyghtes castell
The walles all aboute
the proude shirife loude can crye
and sayd thou traytoure knyght
Thou kepest there þe kinges enemies
agaynst the lawes and ryght

By: I wyl auow that I haue done
The dedes that here be dyght
Upon all the laudes that I haue
As I am true knyght
Wende forth syz on your way
and do ye no more vnto me
Tyll you wete our kynges wyl
What he wyl say to the
the Shyrife thus had his answer
without any lesyng
Forth he went to London towne
All for to tell our kyng
there he told him of that knyght
and eke of Robyn hode
and also of the bolde archers
That noble were and good
He wolde auow that he had done
to mayntayne the out lawes strong
he wold be lord & set you at nought
In all the North lande
I wyl be at Notingham sayd þe king
within this fourte nyght
and take I wyl Robyn hode
and so I will that knyght
Go home thou proude Shyrife
And do as I the bydde
and orderne good archers ynow
Of all the wyde countre
the Shyrife had his leue ytake
and went him on his way
and Robyn hode to grene wode
Upon a certayn daye

And

and yf tel John was hole of the arrowe
That shot was in his kne
and did him streyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wood tree
Robyn hode walked in the forrest
Under the leues grene
The proude shirife of Nottingham
Therefore he had great tene
þ shirife ther he fawled of Robyn hode
He might not haue his praye
then he awayted that gentyl knyghte
Both by nyght and by daye
Euer he awayted that gentyl knyghte
Syr richard at the Lee
as he went on hatiking by þ riuer side
and let his hauke flye
to be thre this gentil knight
with men of armes stronge
and lad him home to Notighā warde
ybound both foote and hande
the shyrif felwore a full great othe
By him that died on a tree
He had leuelier then an hūdrēth pounde
that robin hode had he
then the lady the knightes wise
a fayre lady and free
She set her on a good palfray
to grene wood anone rode shee
when she came to the forrest
Under the grene wood tree
there found she Robyn hode
and all his fayre meyny

God the laue good Robyn hode
And all thy company
For our dere ladies loue
A bone graunt thou me
Let thou neuer my wedded lord
Shamfully slayne to be
He is fast bound to Notinghā warde
For the loue of the
anone than sayd good Robyn
to that lady fre
What man hath your lordc ytake
The proude shirife than sayd she
He is not yet passed thre myles
you may them oter take
Up than starte good Robyn
as a man that had be wode
Buske you my mery yemen
For hym that dyed on a tree
And he that this sorowe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tree
And by him that al thinges maketh
No lenger shall dwell with me
Soone ther were good bowes ybente
No than seven score
Hedge ne dytche spared they none
that was them before
I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn
the knight would I sayne see
and yf ye he may him take
yquite than shall he bee
and whan they came to Notingham
they walked in the strete

And with the proude whirle wyys
Soone gan the mete
Abyde thou proude shryffe he sayd
Abyde and speake with me
Of some tydings of our kinge
I wolde saye here of the
Thys leuen yere by dere worrthy god
Ne yede I so fast on fote
I make myne aulwe to god þe proude
That is not for thy good Thirise
Robin bente a good bowe
An arrow he drew at his wyll
He hyt so the proude shryffe
Upon the grounde he lay full styll
And o he might by arysse
On his fet e to stande
He smote of the shryffes head
With hys bright bronde
Lye thou there thou proude shryffe
Euyl may thou thryue
there might no man to the trust
the whyles thou wast alyue
His me drew out ther bright swordes
that were so sharpe and kene
and layde on the shryffes men
and dryued them downe by dene
Robyn start to that knight
And cut into his bande
And toke him in his hande a bowe
and bade him by him stande
Leue thy horse the behyrnde
and learne for to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Throug myre molle and fene
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
wythout any leasyng
tyll that I haue get vs grace
Of Edward our comely kynge

¶ The. vii. fyfte.

The kyng came to Nottingham
with knightes in great aray
For to take that gentyll knight
and Robin hode if he may
He asked them of that countrei
After Robin hode
and after that gentyll knyght
that was so bolde and stoute
whan they had tolde him the case
Our kynge vnderstode their tale
and ceased in his hande
The knightes landes all
all the compaTe of of Lankeshyre
He wend both farre and nere
Tyl he came to Blomton parke
He sayled many of his dere
ther our kynge was wont to se
Herdes many a one
He could vnneth fynde any dere
that bare any good horne
the kyng was wonder wrothe withall
and swore by the trinitie
I would I had Robin hode
wyth eyes I might him see
and he þ would smite of the knightes

(heade

And brynge it to mee
He should haue þ knyghtes landes
Syr Rycharde at theyle
I geue it hym with my charter
and seale it with my hande
To haue and holde for euer more
In al mery Englande
than bespake a fayre old knyght
that was true in his fay
a my lege lord the kynge
One worde I shall you say
there is no man in this countrey
May haue the knyghtes landes
whyle Robin hode may ride or gon
And beare a bowe in his handes
that he ne shall lose his heade
that is the best ball in his hoode
Giue it to no man my lord þ kynge
that ye wyll any good
Halfe a yere dwelled our cōly kyng
In Nottingham and well more
Could hy not here of Robyn hoode
In what countre that he were
But alway went god Robyn
By halte and eke by hyl
And all way slewe the kynges dere
and vled them at hys wyll
than bespake a proude fostere
that stode by our kynges kne
If ye wyll se good Robyn
you must do after me
Take liue of the best knyghtes

That

That we be in your lede
and walked downe by your abbay
and get you monkes wede
and I wyl be your lodes man
and lede you on the waye
and or ye come to Nottingham
my heade then dare I save
That ye shall mete with good Robin
On lyue yf that he be
or ye come to Nottingham
with eyes ye shall him see
Full hastely our kyng was dyght
So were his knyghtes fyue
They were all in monkes wede
and hasted them thither blythe
our kynge was great aboute his cole
a brode hat on his crowne
Right as he were a bbot lyke
They rode vp into the towne
Styffe botes our king had one
Forsothe as I you saye
He rode syngyng to grene wood
The couent was clothed in gray
His male horse and his great samers
Folowed our kyng behynde
Eyl they came to grenewood
a mile vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robin
Standinge by the waye
and so dyd many a bolde archere
Forsothe as I you saye
Robyn the kynges horse

Hailely in that nedde
And saed syr abbot by your leue
a whyle you must abyde
we be yemen of this forest
Under the grene wode tree
we leue by our kynges dere
O ther hyt haue not we
And ye haue churches & rectes both
and good full great plente
Geue vs some of your spendyng
For saynt charite
Than bespake our comely kyng
anone than sayd he
I brought no more to grene wode
But fourty pound with me
I haue layne at Nottingham
This fourt night with our kyng
and spend I haue muche good
On many a great lordyng
and I haue but fourty pounde
No more than haue I me
But if I had a hundreth pounde
I would geue it to the
Robyn toke the fourty pounde
and deuide it than did he
Halfe he gaue to his mery men
and bad them mery to be
Full curteously Robyn gan say
Syr haue this for your spendyng
we shall mete an other day
Gramercy than sayd our kyng
But well the greteth Edward our kyng
G. i. He hath

He hath sent to the his sacle
and biddeth the come Nottingham
Both to meate and to mele
He toke out the brode seale
and sone he let me se
Not in could his curtesye
And set him on his knee
I loue no man in all the world
So well as I do my kynge
Welcome is my lordes seale
and monke for thy tydyng
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
to day thou halt dyne with me
For the loue of my kynge
Under my trusty tree
For he had our comely kyng
Full fayre by the hande
Many a dere ther was slayne
and full fast was dyghtande
Robyn toke a full great horne
And loude he can it blowe
Seuen score of wight yemen
Came running on a row
All they kneled on their kne
Full fayre before Robin
The kyng said him selfe vntill
And swore by saint Austyn
Here is a wonder semely syghte
We thynketh by goddes pene
His men are more at his tyddyng
Than my men be at mine
Full halcy was their dyner dyght

And therto can they gone
They sertied our kyng with all theire
Both Robin and lytel John (might
anone befoze our kyng was set
The latte benyson
The good whit bread & good red win
And therto the fyne ale browne
Make good there sayd Robin
Abbot for charitie
And for this ylike tydyng
Blessed may thou be
Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede
Or that thou hence wende
than thou maiest enfourm our kyng
whan ye together by lence
Up they sterre all in hast
their bowes were smartely bente
Our kyng was neuer so sore agan
He wende to haue ben shente
Two perdes there werd by set
ther to can the gange
Bo fytty space our kyng sayde
the markes were to longe
On euery syde a rose garlande
the shot vnder the lyne
who so faileth of the rose garland said
Hes takyll he shal tyme Robyn
And yelde it to his maister
Be it neuer so fyne
For no man wyll I spare
So drynke I ale or wyne
A good buffet on his head bare

For that shalbe his fyne
and those that sell to Robyns lot
He smote them wonder sare
Twylf Robyn shot a bout
and euer he cleued the wand
and so did good Gilbert
with the lilly white hand
Lytell John and good Scathelocke
For nothing would they spare
whan they sayled of the garland
Robyn smote them full sare
at the last shot that Robyn shot
For all his frendes sare
yet he sayled the garlande
Thre syngers and more
than bespake good Eilberte
and than he gan say
Maister he said your takill is lost
Stonde forth and take your pay
If it be so saide Robyn
that may no better be
Syr abbot I deliuer the mine arowe
I pray the serue thou me
It falleth not for mine order saide the
Robin by thylleue (kyng)
For to smite no good reman
For doubt I should him greue
Synple on boldly said robin
I geue the largely leue
Anone our king with that worde
He folded by his leue
And such a buffet he geue Robyn

To ground ye yede full nere
I make mine auow to god said robi
thou art a tall frere
Ther is pith in thine arme said robi
I trowe thou can wel shote
Thus our king and Robin hode
together they gan mete
Robyn behelde our comely kyng
Stedfastly in the face
So did syr Richarde at the Lee
and kneled downe in that place
and so did all the wild outlawes
whan they sawe them knele
My lorde the kyng of Englande
Now I knowe you wele
Mercy than sayd robin to our king
Under this trusty tree
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
For my men and for me
and yet sayd good robin
as good god do me saue
I aske the mercy my lorde the kyng
and for my men I it craue
yes for god sayd our kyng
Thy petition I graunt the
So þ thou wylt leue the grene weode
and all thy company
and come home to my courte
There to dwell with me
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin
and ryght so shall it be
I wyl come to your court

your seruyce for to le
And bryng with me of my men
• Seuen score and thre
But and I lyke not your seruyce
I wyl come agayne full soone
And shote at the diuine dere
as I was wont to done

The. viii. sytte kyng
Hast þ any grene cloth said our
That þ wylte now sell to me
ye for god sayde Robyn
Thyrty yerdes and thre
Robyn sayd our kyng
Now pray I the
To sel to me some of that cloth
To me and my meyny
yes for good than said Robyn
Or els I were a foole
and other day ye wyl me cloth
I trowe agaynst the yole
the kyng cast of his cote than
a grene garment he dyd on
and every knight had so pwpys
they clothed them full soone
whan they were clothed in Lincoln
they cast away ther gray (grene
Now shal we to Notyngham
all this our kyng can say
the bent their bowes and forth they
Shotidg all in fere (went
toward the toren of Notyngham
Outlawes as they were

Our kyng & Robyn rode together:
For soth and as I you say
And all they shot plucke buffet
As they wente by the way
and many a buffet our kyng wan
Of Robyn hode that daye
and nothyng spared good Robin
Our kyng whan he did paye
So god me helpe sayd the kyng
Thy game is nought to lere
I shou'd not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this vere
All the people of Nottingham
they rode and beheld
they sawe nothyng but mantels of
That couered all the felde grene
than euery man to the other ca say
I drede oure kyng be lone
Come robyn hode to the towne wis
On lyue he leueth not one
Full hastily they began to fle
Both yemen and knaues
and olde wyues that might euill go
Thei hypped on their stauies
The kyng lough ful fast
and commaunded them to come agayne
whan they sawe our comely kyng
pays they were full fayne
They ate and dranke and made them glad
and songe with notes hye
than bespake our comely kyng
To syr Rycharde of the le

He gaue

He gaue him there his lande agayne
A good man he hade him be
Robin hode thanked our comely king
And set him on his knee
Robi hode dwelleth in v kinges court
Both twelue monethes and thre
that he had spent an hundreth pound
and all his mennes fee
In euery place where Robine came
Exermore he lay downe
Bothe for knyghtes & squyers
To get him a great renowne
By than the yere was all gone
He hadde no man but twayne
Lytel John and good scathelocke
with hym all for to gone
Robin sawe yonge men hote
Full fayre vpon a day
alas than said good Robin
My welthe is wend away
Sometime I was an archer good
a styffe and eke a stronge
I was comended for the best archer
That was in mery Englande
alas than sayd good Robyn
alas what shall I do
If I dwell lenger with the kinge
Sorrowe wyll me do
Forth than went Robin hode
Tell he came to our king
My lord the kyng of Englande
Braunt me my askyng

I made a Chapell in Bernisdale
That semely is to se
It is of Mary Magdalene
and there would I faene be
I might no time this seven nightes
No time to slepe ne wyke
Neither all this seven dayes
Noether eate nor drynke
He longeth sore to Bernisdale
I may not be ther fro
Bare fote & wolward hane I bight
thether for to go
If it be so than sayd our kyng
It may no beter be
Seven nyghtes I geue the leue
No lenger to dwell fro me
Gramercy lorde than sayd Robyn
and set him on his kne
He toke his leue full curteely
To grene wode than went he
whan he came to grene wode
In a mery mornynge
There he harde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge
It is farre gon sayd Robyn
That I was last here
I haue a lyttell lust for to hote
at the doune dere
Robyn slew a full great harte
His horne than can he blowe
that all the outlawes of that forrest
that horn e could they knowe

H.i.

and

And gadred them together
In a lytell thowe
Seuen score of wyght yemen
Camer turning on a rowe
and layze dyd of their hodes
and set them on their kne
welcome they sayde our maister
Under the grene wood tre
Robin dwelleth in grenewode
twenty yeres and two
than for drede of Edward our kyng
Agayne would he not go
yet he was beggled ywys
through a wicked woman
the pryoresse of kyrclesly
that nye was of his kynne
For the loue of a knight
Syr Roger of Donkessere
For euyl mot thou the
they toke together their counsaill
Robyn hode for to flee
and howe thei might best do þe dede
his banes for to be
than bespake good Robyn
In place where as he stode
to morowe I must to kyrclesly
Craftely to be letten bloude
Syr Roger of Donkessere
By the pryores helaye
and there they betraied good Robi hode

Thou go their tale playe
Christ haue mercy on his soule
That dyed on the roode
For he was a good outlawe
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of
Robyn hode



of Robyn hode, verge
proper to be played
in Mayegames.

Robyn hode. (all)

May I stand ye forth my mery men
and harken what I shall say -
Of an adventure I shall you tell
the which befell this other day
as I went by the hygh way with
a stoute frere I met
and a quarter staffe in his hande
Lyghtely to me he lept
and styl he hade me stande
There were stryfes two or thre
But I can not tell who had the worse
But well I wote the horsen lepte within me
and frome he toke my purse
Is there any of my mery men all
That to that frere wyll go
and bryng him to me forth withall whether he
(wyll or no

Lytell John

yes mayster I make god allowe
So that frere wyll I go
and bryng him to you whether he wyl or no

Erper tucke
Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

Is not

And thus a holy word to all
God saue all this compay

But am not I a iolly fryer
For I can shote both farre and nere

and handle the sworde and buckler
and this quarter staffe also

If I mete with a gentylman or yeman

I am not asrayde to loke hym vpon

Nor holdly with him to carpe

If he speake any wordes to me

He shall haue strykes two or thre

That shal make his body smarte

But maister to shew you the matter

wherfore and why I am come hither

In sayth I wyl not spare

I am come to seke a good yeman

In Bernisdale me sei is his habitaciō

His name is Robyn hode

and if that he be better man than I

His seruant wyl I be and serue him truly

But if that I be better man than he

By my truth my knaue shall he be

and leade these dogges all thre

Robyn hode.

yelde the fryer in thy long cote

fryer tucke

I be hrew thy hart knaue, þ' hurtest my throt

Robyn hode

I trowe fryer thou beginnest to dote

who made the so malapert and so bolde

To come into this forest here

amonge my salowe dere

H.iii.

fryer

Fryer.

Go louse the ragged knaue
If thou make mani wordes I wil geue þ on þ
Though I be but a poo:e fryer (eate
To seke Robyn hode I am com here
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lousy frer what wouldest thou w byn
He neuer loued i fryer nor none of freiers kyn

Fryer.

Auaunt ye ragged knaue
D: ye shall haue on the skynne

Robyn hode.

Of all the men in the morning þ art the worst
To mete with the I haue no lust
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in þ morning
To spede ell that day he standeth in ieoperdy
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuil of hell
Fryer I tell the as I thinke
Then mete with a fryer or a fox in a mornynge
D: I drynke

Fryer.

Auasit thou ragged knaue this is but a mock
If you make m:ii words you shal haue a knock

Robyn hode

Harke frere what I say here
Ouer this water thou shalt me here
The brydge is borne away

Fryer,

To say naye I wyll not
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie & sin
But vpon a fryers backe and haue euen in

Robyn

Robyn hode.

May haue ouer

Fryer

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without
To lay the here I haue no great doubt

Now art thou Robyn without, & I frere Win
Lye ther knaue chose whether þu wilt synke or

Robyn hode.

(syr m)

why thou lowly frere what hast thou done

Fryer.

may set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode

Therefore thou aby

Fryer

why wilt thou fyght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke.

Fryer.

Then haue a stroke for fryer tucke

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke

Fryer.

Saye on ragged knaue

me seme thy begyn to swete

Robyn hode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not giue him for an hundreth pound

Beleue me leue my horne to blowe

That my hounde may knowe

Fryer.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubte

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out

H.iiii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in
Clothed all in kendale grene
And to the they take their way nowe

Robynhode

Peradventure they do so

¶ Fryer.

I gaue the leue to blowe at thy wyll
Now giue me leue to whiffell my syl

¶ Robynhode.

whiffell frere euyl mote thou fare
Un tyll bothe thyne eyes starte

¶ Fryer

Now cut and haue

Bring forth the clubbes and staues
And downe with those ragged knaues

Robynhode.

How sayest thou frere wilt thou be my man

To do me the best seruyse thou can

Thou shalt haue both golde and fee

and also here is a Lady free

I wyll geue her vnto the

And her chapplayn I the make

To serue her for my sake

¶ Fryer

(Kle

Here is an huckle ducklet an inch aboue þ buc

he is a trul of trust, to serue a frier at his lusk

a prycker a praineer a terer of shes

a wagger of halpokes when other men sleepes

Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ fyre

For my lady & I wil daunce in þ myre for veri

¶ Robynhode

(pure ioye

Listen to my mery men all

and harken what I shall say

that befell this other daye
with a proude potter I met
And arose garlande on his head
the floures of it shone maruaylous freshe
this seuen yere & more he hath vsed this waye
yet was he neuer so custerle a potter
as one peny passage to paye
Is there any of my mery men all

That dare be so bolde
to make potter paie passage either siluer or
(Lytell John. (golde

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde
For there is not among vs al one
that dare medle with that potter man for mā
I felt his handes not long agone
But I had leuer haue ben here by the
Therefore I knowe what he is
Mete him whē ye wil or mete him whā ye shal
He is as propre a man as euer you medle wal
Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John .xx. pound so read
If I wyth that potter mete
I will make him pay passage maugre his head
Let tell John.

I consente therto so eate I bread
If he pay passage maugre his head
Twenty pound hall ye haue of me for your mede
The potters boye Iacke
Out alas that euer I sawe this daye

I. l.

For

From Northingham towne

If I bye me not the faster

O: I come there the maryet wel be done

Robyn hode

Let mese are the pottes hole and sounde

Jacke

yea meister but they will not breake the ground

Robyn hode

I wil the breke for þe cuckold thi maisters sake

And if they will not breake the grounde

thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke

Out alas what hast ye done

If my maister come he will breke your crowne

the pottier

why thou horsefon art thou here yet

thou shouldst haue bene at market

Jacke

I met with robin hode a good yeman

he hath broken my pottes

And called you cuckolde by your name

The pottier

Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me satis

But thou seemest a noughty knaue

Thou callest me cuckolde by my name

and I sweere by God and saynt John

wyse had I neuer none

This cannot I denye

But if thou be a good felowe

(to

I wil sel mi horse my harneis pottes & paniers

Thou

If thou be not so content (other

Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my brother

Robyn hode

Harke potter what I shall say

this seuen yere and more þ hast vsed this way

yet were thou neuer so curteous to me

As one penny passage to paye

the potter

why should I paye passage to thee

Robyn hode

For I am Robyn hode chiefe gouernoure

Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

this seuen yere haue I vsed this way by and

yet payed I passage to no man (downe

Now now I wyll not begiune to do þ worst þ cā

Robyn hode.

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grēe woode

Or els thou shalt leue a wedded with me tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

Laye awaye thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hands

And se what shall befall.

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god auowe

I tolde your mayster so god me saue

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knaue

holde

And I wyl fly by you stande
Ready for to fyghte
Be the knaue neuer so stoute
I shall rappe him on the snoute
And put hym to flyghte

Thus endeth the play of
Robyn Hode

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